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## HOW JIM WAS BADLY SOLD.

And His Brother Explains That the Other Was Not Scared for a Cent.

"Yes, I'm in mourning," said the man, as he carefully removed his hat and gazed at the piece of crumpled paper which he held in his hand. "It's for my brother Jim, who was planted about five months ago."

"Stick to it!"

"Not a minute."

"Accidentally killed, then?"

"You might call it accident, but it wasn't. It was a case of misreading human nature."

The man tenderly brushed some dust off the crumpled paper, and after getting good and ready, started out with:

"Me and Jim had a ranch on the Republican river, out in Kansas. I didn't amount to much, but Jim was a dandy. He could size up a man as quick as you could take an apple. Didn't know what fear was, and the Indians was as afraid of him as death. I've put up a \$300 monument at his grave, and you can judge by that he must have been a pretty good man."

"Well?"

"Well, late last fall, when we had a stock sale at the ranch, a sort of tramp came along and got in Jim's way. Jim run over him and they had some words. The tramp wanted to fight, and the boys put Jim up to skewer the diver out of him. I'm free to say I didn't like the fellow's looks. There was something back of his every day look, which had a gleam of danger in it. Jim sized him up for a runner, and when I said the chap would fight, Jim whispered:

"'Fete, you never knew me to be wrong. I'll skewer him till all his hair loosens at the roots.'"

"To make a great spread of it, the boys fastened the two together by their left arms and gave each a bowie knife. They thought the tramp would back water when it came to the tying, but he didn't. He was right there, and didn't even turn pale. It was agreed that they should fight at the word, and the word was held five minutes to let the tramp wilt. He stood like a rock, and Jim couldn't back, you see, without losing character."

"And they fought?"

"It wasn't much of a fight. Jim was as handy with the knife as any man within a hundred miles, but he stood no show in that rumble. The word was given, the tramp made a lightning motion, and the next thing I saw was Jim dead on the grass, his head cut almost off. That wasn't but one lick struck."

"And—"

"Nothing much. The tramp opened himself and walked off, as cool as a loaf of ice, and we planted Jim on a knoll back of the mule pen."

"What did the crowd say?"

"Said that my brother Jim had better stuck to readin' the character of mules and steers and let strangers alone, and I agreed. I'm in mourning for Jim, but I allow he bit off more'n he could chew, and he shouldn't a done it. Crape looks well on mouse color, don't it? It's a reminder that in the midst of life we may be on the wrong tree."—San Francisco Examiner.

## Entertaining a Guest.

Forty years ago every town in New England had its lyceum, and, as one of the winter's recreations, a course of lectures delivered by clergymen, politicians and men distinguished in literature. Hospitality was freely extended to the lecturer, and not infrequently, if he was a notable man, several families invited him to become their guest.

The late Richard H. Dana, Jr., the author of "Two Years Before the Mast," used to tell a story illustrative of the effort made by hosts to entertain their distinguished guests.

Mr. Dana once lectured in a country town, and then walked home with the president of the lyceum, a farmer. After a long silence the farmer said:

"Mr. Dana, I believe you wrote a book once?"

"Yes."

"Well, I never read it myself; my folks have, though."

Dead silence again fell upon the two until their arrival at the farmer's house, where Mr. Dana was introduced to the invalid wife, who had not been to the lecture.

"My dear," said the farmer, "I believe you've read Mr. Dana's book?"

The wife stared, and then recovering herself, answered: "I believe I've heard speak of it."

Apples were brought in, and with them came the farmer's daughter, a little black-eyed, sharp-looking school girl.

"Susan, 'Liza," said the farmer, "you've read Mr. Dana's 'Two Years Before the Mast,' haven't you?"

Susan 'Liza replied quickly, "No, sir," and there was dead silence till bedtime.—Youth's Companion.

## Found the Feelings.

A colored man, who had a load of ashes behind his mule, came to a standstill on Adams avenue the other day. He clucked and yelled and lashed at the mule, but the animal hung his head and refused to budge. Among the spectators was a woman, and as the lashing went on she stepped forward and asked:

"Colored man, do you know that a mule has feelings?"

"Yes, ma'am, I does," he replied, "an' Ise jest about to tackle de same."

He jumped down, gave the animal's tail a twist, and as the beast moved slowly on the man continued:

"Sartin, ma'am—sartin; but how on airth did you happen to diskliver it?"—Detroit Free Press.

## An Example of Emphasis.

Teacher—What is accent?  
First Pupil—Emphasis or stress on a particular syllable.  
Teacher—Correct. Is there more than one kind?  
Second Pupil—Yes, sir; primary and secondary accent.  
Teacher—In the word "execution" where does the secondary accent or stress fall?  
Third Pupil—On the first syllable.  
Teacher—Right. Where does the primary accent or stress fall?  
Fourth Pupil (who hasn't studied the lesson)—On the neck.—Chicago Tribune.

## Sorry for Her.

When Charley put on his first trousers he was very proud. He strutted up and down in front of his mother almost crazy with delight. Then he burst out: "Oh, mamma, pants make me feel so grand! Didn't it make you feel grand when?" But an awful consciousness came over him that this bliss had never been shared by his mother, and he laid his wee, chubby hand pityingly against her cheek, saying, pathetically, "Oh, poor mamma! poor mamma!"—Sunshine.

## Got There First.

A little girl was sitting on the floor when the sun shone in her face. "Go 'way! go 'way!" she cried, striking out at it. "You move, dear, and it won't trouble you," said mamma. "I s'ant; I dot here first," said the little one.—Youth's Companion.

## Very Low Indeed.

The youngest of the family returned from school yesterday to remark to his mamma: "Teacher says it's 30 degs. below the squeezing point."—Rochester Post-Express.

## Who Has Not Suffered Like This?

"Is this where Mr. Pallister lives?" inquired the caller, referring to a memorandum he carried in his hand.

"No, sir," replied the man of the house, who had answered the door bell himself.

"Why, I was told this was his street and number."

"He doesn't reside here, sir."

"H'm! This is No. 614, isn't it?"

"Yes."

The caller looked at his memorandum again.

"That's strange," he said, eyeing the man of the house with something like suspicion.

"No. 614 Webster place. That's the direction I have here. Didn't Mr. Pallister live in this house until recently?"

"I don't know."

"Do you know where he lives now?"

"I do not."

"Is there any such man on this street?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Well, that beats me. Your name isn't Pallister, of course?"

"No."

"Do you know?"

"I tell you I don't know of any such man."

"Do you suppose?"

"I don't suppose anything. Is that all you want of me, sir?"

"Where do you think I would be likely to find?"

By slamming the door in the face of the man who wanted to find Mr. Pallister the exasperated victim saved himself from the commission of a deed that a jury of ignorant and unfriendly men would have mistakenly pronounced murder.—Chicago Tribune.

## Before the Bite.

"I like to speak about some law," said a caller at police headquarters, yesterday.

"Yes," replied the sergeant.

"If a man had a dog, and dot dog bites me, can I make dose man pay me some-thing?"

"Well, that depends. You could tell better after trying."

"But I don't try him."

"Have you been bitten by a dog?"

"No, sir. I know dot dog likes to bite me and so I poison him off before he gets a chance."

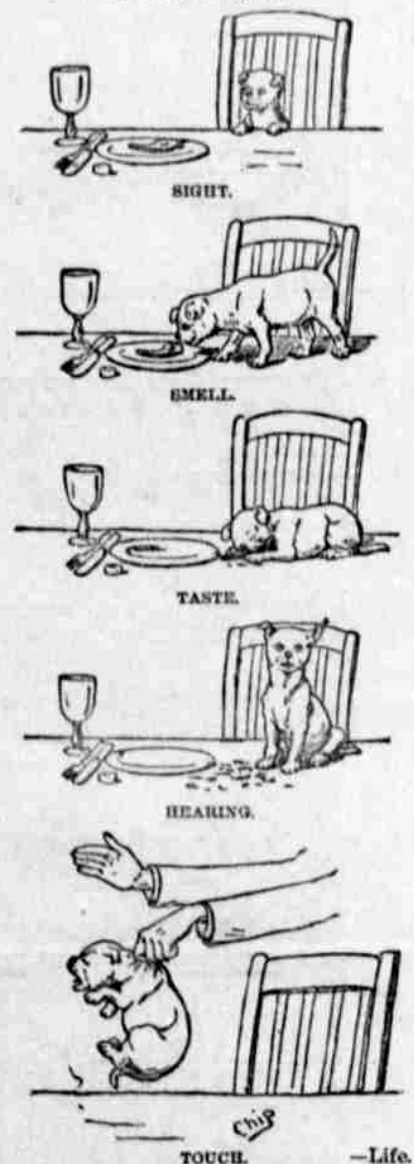
"Then there's no question of law to be decided."

"Maybe not. I come here to see about her."

"If you have poisoned anybody's dog you'd better keep your mouth shut about it. That's my advice."

"I don't tell nobody but ten people about him so far, and I shan't speak to nobody else. Dot was good advice. I hope you good day."—Detroit Free Press.

## The Five Senses.



## Willie's Judicial Mind.

Mother severely—Robert, you did very wrong to do what I told you not to do. As a punishment for your disobedience, I forbid you to play with Willie again this afternoon.

Bobby and Willie twist nervously about their respective chairs for half an hour, when Willie observes:

"Ma, do you think it's fair to punish both of us for what Bobby done?"—Binghamton Republican.

## A Mean Man.

Philanthropist (joyously)—I am delighted to learn that you have promised your sick daughter \$50 on the day she is well enough to go out.

Old Closefit—Yes, the doctor said she only needed encouragement.

"That will no doubt do her good. Fifty dollars is a good deal of money to her."

"Yes, and to me, too; but it would cost more than that to bury her."—New York Weekly.

## The Modern Magazine.

Quillen—I understand, Mr. Calbound, that your house is contemplating the issue of a new magazine?

Mr. Calbound—We have so announced.

Quillen—What are to be the principal literary features of the first number?

Mr. Calbound—We haven't thought anything about that yet. The most important thing, of course, is to get a taking design for the cover.—Burlington Free Press.

## The Reason.

"So the bells of the choir has married the tenor."

"Yes."

"I thought she favored the bass."

"Yes, but she got some high flown notions into her head and threw over the bass for the tenor."

"For what reason?"

"Because the tenor was more high toned."—Boston Courier.

## Voted Down.

A lady living in Ohio is the mother of six boys. One day a friend calling on her said: "What a pity that one of your boys had not been a girl!" One of the boys about 8 years of age overheard this remark, and promptly interposed: "I'd like to know who'd be a 'bin' 'er, I wouldn't 'a 'bin' 'er; Ed wouldn't 'a 'bin' 'er; Joe wouldn't 'a 'bin' 'er; and I'd like to know who'd 'a 'bin' 'er."—Christian Observer.

## THE ARIZONA KICKER.

Notice.—We desire to give notice to the public at large that the next man who flings a stone against our office door will have to outrun six bullets. We have got tired of the business. We don't want to seem capricious, but enough is enough. Tim Reeves, Joe Smith and Hank White will please take notice.

GIVE HOME.—News reached town yesterday that William Napoleon Farrington, otherwise known as French Bill, had departed from this world. He was materially assisted by three or four bullets which Hank Henderson fired into him during a dispute about the ownership of a piece of land. We don't know whether Henry was right or wrong, but we have felt for some time that this cold world was no place for Mr. Farrington. He wasn't a bit content, and he was in the habit of shooting at such people as were. He wanted better weather, more latitude for his skill with the pistol, and we truly hope he's got it.

LAME EXPLANATIONS.—A stranger, supposed to be a man who is wanted for murder in Tucson, was discovered hiding under the bridge the other day and came to jail to be held until identified. That night he lay in his way out, and next day the sheriff was around trying to get a hundred dollar bill changed. He says he found the bill on the street, but that story looks fishy. There isn't a man in this town that wouldn't yell a lung out if he lost that much money. The prisoner used a crowbar to dig out with, and the sheriff says he must have had it concealed in his pistol pocket. The official owes us \$15, and if we can get our hands on the money this week we shall, in our next issue, advise the public to run him out of town as a dishonest scoundrel.

A SURPRISE PARTY.—Two or three weeks since we denounced Col. Halliwell as a claim jumper, mule stealer and wife deserter, and added a few words to the effect that he would look well at the end of a rope. Saturday evening, as we were talking with the cashier of the First National bank, the colonel approached us and warned us to prepare for death. Greatly to our own amazement and to the intense surprise of the whole street, we didn't run. On the contrary, we sailed into the colonel like a brick house falling on a sand fly, and we had him licked inside of five minutes.

We can't account for these freaks in our nature. Sometimes we fight like a tornado and again we run like a jack rabbit. People intending to lay for us must take their chances.—Detroit Free Press.

## A Sister to Him.

"No, Mr. Jackson, I cannot be your wife, as my heart is already in the keeping of another, but I can be a sister to you."

"Oh! 'tis hard to thus be obliged to give you up, Maud, and still your very generous offer to be as a sister to me cannot go unaccepted. Will you be as near a real sister to me as possible?"

"Yes, George, I shall endeavor to."

"There is Jack Fourtunhand's sister, for instance. Will you be as loving and attentive to me as she is to him?"

"With all my heart, George."

"Very well, then, sister mine. I shall try to be worthy—ah, I really must be going though—good night, sister." The next day Miss Maud received a package, and upon opening it discovered that it contained—horrors—two pairs of pants, six pairs of socks and a shirt. A note slipped out, and upon reading it, this is what she saw:

DEAR SISTER MAUD—I ascertained from Jack Fourtunhand that his sister was in the habit of doing all of his mending. Thinking of my agreement, I thought me of these few articles of wearing apparel, which are sadly in need of buttons and mending. I have long needed a sister that would look after my clothes, and since you have so kindly consented to act in that capacity you may commence your duties at once. Your loving brother,  
—Peck's Sun.

## As to Smiting.

Sunday School Teacher (to new pupil)—We are taught by the Bible that when some one smites us on one cheek we should turn the other to him. Isn't that a beautiful sentiment?

"Yes, ma'am."

"Now, if an enemy were to smite you on one cheek what would you do?"

"I'd pound dar' top of his head off."—Nebraska State Journal.

## After Business Hours.

Gentlemen (to Uncle Rastus)—Uncle Rastus, can you get me up a nice hen coop? I think some of raising chickens.

Uncle Rastus—Yes, sah, I kin build yo' as fine a hen coop as ebbur war built, but Ise too busy whitewashin' jus' now to undertake the job. I tell yo' what I kin do, though, Mr. Smith, I kin work on it nights.—The Epoch.

## Condensation.

A Washington 7-year-old received, among numerous Christmas presents, a little pocket diary. The entry:

"Jan. 24, 1889; he didn't," created some surprise until she gave the following (in a tone of injury):

"Johnny Smith" (a little neighbor) "said he was coming over to see me and—he didn't."—Washington Post.

## Keep It Warm.

Dude entering Delmonico's, to waiter; the dude carries a heavy stick with an enormous horse's head—Hat, waiter!

Waiter—Yes, sir.

Dude—Coat, waiter!

Waiter—Yes, sir.

Dude—Cane, waiter!

Waiter—Yes, sir. Have it blanketed, sir!

—Life.

## Something Better.

First Boy—Been snow balling today!  
Second Boy—I should say I had!  
"Kill anybody?"

"Not quite."

"Nor I, either. It's got to be we can't have fun any more. I'm going to ask father to buy me a shotgun. That will bring 'em down."—Detroit Free Press.

## It Came a Long Distance.

Waiter—Here you are, sir; this coffee comes direct from Java.

Guest (who has been waiting a long time for it)—I thought it was further off than that.—Texas Sittings.

## Morning on the Sleeping Car.

& FLORIDA R.R. SLEEPER

Mr. Burnap—I don't know where you come from, stranger, or who you be, but, b'gum! I ain't never refused to shake with a man yet when he puts out his hand.—Judge.

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